LANCASTER! BLOOD! SCORPIO!

Front of The Pineapple

a United Artists spy film, is in its second week

By ELINOR HOROWITZ Special to The Star

A sunny afternoon in Georgetown. Crossing O Street, I glance incuriously toward a crowd gathered half a standing near me. upper arm. "Burt Laneaster is going to be shot dead right in front of The Pineapple!" she shrieks. I tear up the strect alongside her.

A man with a British accent and a megaphone is erying out to the voyeuristic group of hips, squares, mommas, pop-pas, infants in prams, and a man in a wheelehair attended by a nurse, "Please. We have 🤛 to work here. Just move down beyond this tree. You're in the line of the cameras."

Salesladies and stock girls shamelessly shove each other in the front window of Dorothy Stead. The manikin totters. Two "director's" ehairs have been set down on the briek sidewalk, One says BURT LANCASTER, the other MI-CHAEL WINNER. The film crew moves about, adjusting huge silvery reflectors, cameras, tape recorders, lights and an awesome amount of important looking, totally unidentifiable equipment.

AND — egad! — there's Lancaster! (Jim Thorp! The Rain-Maker! Elmer Gantry! The Birdman of Aleatraz! Dressed in a tweed jacket, red tie and snap brim hat with small red feather in the band, he is eraggily handsome and militarily trim. Also, possibly corsetted and somewhat grayer of hair and complexion than one remembered. He is lowering a gun equipped with a sileneer into a large paper bag.

Director Michael Winner, cherubie and ringletted, crouches by the right front: door of the ear. He looks sunward through a small some-thing-or-other. "Action, sir," he calls out. Lancaster, carry-

open the right rear door, flips the bag from a vertical to a I ask excitedly, horizontal position. There is a "He doesn't. The guy he's Location shooting on "Scor. horizontal position. There is a tense, i m m o bile instant. shooting is John Colicus." He "Shoot," hisses Winner. Lanpoints toward an impeceably caster shoots into the car groomed, villainous-looking through the bag. Then he man who is having a smoke by turns, slams the door, and walks off into the alley by The Pineapple, still earrying his gun concealed in the shopping bag. Finish.
"COOL," says a young lad

"They've done that scene past hour," another fellow in- oil. forms us both, sounding bored.

"When does Burl get shot?"

the front steps of The Sheep

Shop.
"Back beyond the tree, folks," pleads the man with the megaphone.

LANCASTER says to Winner: "If you put some oli on block away, and an elderly "They've done that scene the barrel you'll get more lady suddenly grabs me by the five or six times already in the smoke." Someone arrives with The bottom has been.

biown out of the bag and a fresh one is provided. Winner crouches by the car. "Action. sir." Lancaster walks to the car, flings open the door, raises the bag. His eyes glint blue in the sun. "Shoot." Bang. The gun smokes. He slams the door and walks toward the al-

ley.
"Later they're going to slurp blood around, and Colicus will fall out of the ear," says the know-it-ali.

"Gross," says the boy, joy-

ousiy. "The reason he's shooting him is he shot his wife," says a plump woman. "They're both C.I.A. men, or maybe just Burt. And the reason it's called 'Scorpio' ... "

WINNER erouches. "Action, sir." The car door is opened. Laneaster's jaw juts firmly. Bang. Smoke. Slam.

Two D.C. Fire Department ambulance attendants stand nearby. They look uneasy. "What we're supposed to do is pick up some guy who's supposed to be dead or something and put him in the ambu-lance," one says. "The ambulance is parked around the corner. I guess they'll tell us which one. We've never been in a movie." They both laugh.

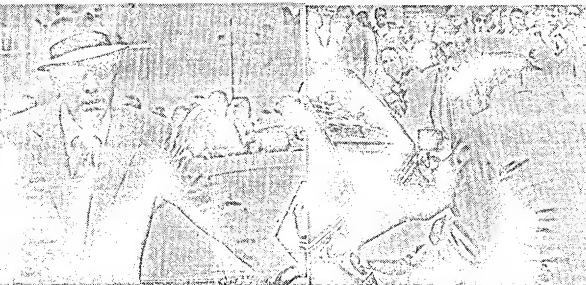
"It's him," says the authority, pointing at Colicus.

They're going to put blood all over the curb," the boy adds.



Photos by Josh Horwi

Oiling gun.



ing the brown papeApproved For Release 2005/01/13: CIA-RDP88-01365R000300210017-6 atrides up to the ear. He flings Approaching car. Denouement.